

pastel trends

loser's club musical
short stories - III

cynicalcryptids
(orphan_account)

pastel trends by cynicalcryptids (orphan_account)

Series: [loser's club musical short stories](#) [3]

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Fluff, M/M, just cutesy shit, richie is trying to appeal to his tiny bf

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

putting him next to his short boyfriend, it seemed a bit odd. like a stereotypical couple from some teen novel, where the bad boy falls in love with the pretty girl who knows everyone.

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Author's Note:

richie sees the striking contrast between his and eddie's clothing styles, and thinks he should test something out to see just what it does; inspired by the song [fly - june marieezy] on youtube

ever since they were kids, eddie has always worn lighter clothing. peach, orange, bright colors, different from the rest of the boys' grays and blues.

richie always thought he was absolutely adorable.

my three sixty degree reality, sunset beach, i don't need HDTV; i want the real thing, living off a dream

richie's style was always "whatever was clean"; typically grey and blue flannels, white t-shirts, brown cargo shorts, the works. putting him next to his short boyfriend, it seemed a bit odd. like a stereotypical couple from some teen novel, where the bad boy falls in love with the pretty girl who knows everyone. richie wondered if eddie liked his clothing preference; he never really asked, and it was never brought up. so this question of "does this outfit get the *seal of approval*" swam around in richie's head for days.

i just tell myself to fly, in the sun - you'll breathe; you do not, need me

the question was driving him kinda crazy. it seemed to become visibly obvious when beverly tapped on richie's shoulder, and his eyes were still fixated on eddie. a soft pink polo shirt with some kind of flower patch, white-washed blue jeans-

"yo, princess richie. awake from thy slumber," beverly cuts richie's wandering thoughts, and the dark-haired boy blinks and turns his head to her. "whatcha daydreamin' about?" she asks, propping her head on her fist. "eddie," he responded, short and fast. beverly smiled. "i figured, but that was some deep daydreaming, rich. something on your mind?" richie sighed, and rested his chin between his hands. "do

you think my...appearance, fits for someone like eddie? he's so....bright and colorful, and i'm here with dull colors, nothing as vibrant as him." beverly broke out into a fit of giggles, and richie flinched at that, caught by surprise. "that's really what's had you so hung up for, what? the past week?" a light blush spread on the bridge of richie's nose at that comment. "you noticed?!" he exclaimed, hiding his face in his hands.

"you're not really good at covering things up, richie. but why, so suddenly, are you worried about eddie not approving your fashion sense?" she asked, putting a hand on richie's shoulder. "i don't know! he's just always so particular about everything, so how is this any different?" once again, beverly laughed, but more controlled this time. "if you're so worried about it, how's about you go shopping with me? i needed to go buy a new dress and some more socks anyways. maybe i can help you put something together." richie lifted his head from his hands, and smiled weakly.

my three sixty dollars on the shelf; what's the wealth? i'm the best at bein' myself

the two stopped by richie's house so he could grab some spare cash, not too much, but hopefully enough for at least something. "i can cover the rest if you don't have enough; my aunt doesn't send me down here shit broke, richie," beverly offered, but richie refused. "i'll pay with whatever i have," he assured her, and she just chuckled and shook her head. they stopped by a small mart right outside of their small town, and beverly lead richie into the section that she normally shops in. "did you have any idea or image when you were lost in your thoughts earlier?" richie rubbed the back of his neck, and looked around at the assorted clothes on the racks. "blue," he responds simply, and beverly nods, looking all around for something that catches her eye. she stands on her tiptoes and glances over richie's shoulder, and smiles, grabbing richie's hand and pulling him in the direction of all the button-ups. "how about light blue? like a powdery blue?" beverly pulls out a blue button-up with a soft texture and holds it up to richie's chest. "i can try it, i'd rather have your opinions now before we spend any money." beverly nods, and starts wandering the racks, pulling things off the poles and draping them over her arm.

they end up walking out of the store with the light blue button-up, a

pair of tan cargo shorts, and a couple of wide-necked t-shirts, both orange.

green like paper over plastic; wrap my head around the whole world, it's a blast - if ya open up to magic

the next morning, before classes, begin, richie fixes himself up a little, wearing the blue button-up he bought with beverly, the cargo shorts, and a pair of brown converse. his hair was curlier than usual, and nothing was taming it. he stared at his image in the dirty bathroom mirror, sighed, and got ready for school.

i just wanna tell you fly; you do not, need me to fly

at school, the losers were all gathered on their typical patio table, waiting for the first bell to ring. richie suddenly felt his nerves poking at him, and he was stopped in his tracks. beverly noticed bright blue out of the corner of her eye, which made everyone turn when she stopped talking. they all looked at him, and richie felt very small. eddie was sitting on the bench part, and he was lost, staring at his boyfriend who seemed stoic. he stood from the table, and walked over to richie, putting his hand on his shoulder. "earth to richie!" he shouted, and richie was shaken from his frozen state, and looked down at eddie. "i, uhm... i can explain." eddie smiled, and sifted around in his over-the-shoulder bag. "you're missing something."

i will rise with the tribe, i can feel your vibe from the other side

eddie produces a flower crown with white and blue gladiolus flowers. "could you lean down, rich?" richie, lost in words, lowered his head until eddie could reach and propped the flower crown on his head, securing it with a little push, and then fluffing his hair a little. richie stood back up again, and looked down at eddie, who was smiling big. "what made you bring this to school today specifically?" eddie glanced back at the table with the rest of the losers, and beverly smiled, and winked at the two boys.

"a little birdie told me you were gonna surprise me today."

Author's Note:

i'll admit this wasn't really my best, i'm not very proud of this one. but i've been sick, feeling like shit, and i wanted to write something cute. anyways, kudos greatly appreciated, and i hope you enjoy this little blurb!

thanks for reading!

- croissant